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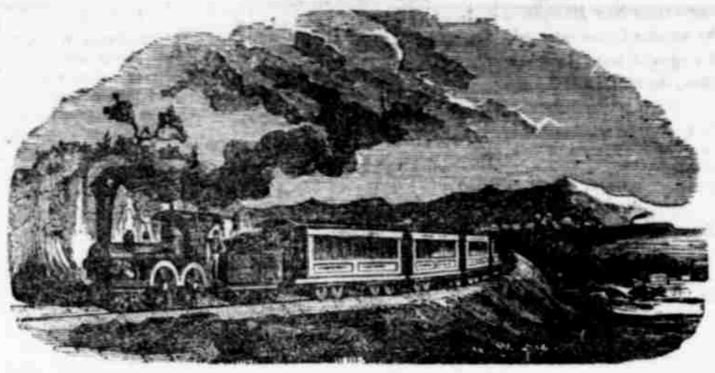

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POETRY.

TATTLETOWN.

Come Age and Youth,
A tale of fancy, yet a tale of truth,
I pray attend while I reluctant tell,
What woful times in Tattletown befel.

Fair Tattletown!
Alas, that stars so bright so soon go down!
Time was, its borders knew no sin or harm,
But that was only—when it was a farm.

Yet all was safe,
While nought was said or done to vex or chafe
And people were content to buy and sell,
And mind their business quietly and well.

And still it grew;
A church was built and eke a tavern too;
And oft, in sooth, as elsewhere in the land,
Their punch ann piety went hand in hand.

Rolled on a year;
With health, and harmony and social cheer;
And then, alas, mysterious and sad,
All Tattletown seemed suddenly stark mad.

As you have seen,
Some mastiff and grimalkin on a green,
With growl and scowl each other fiercely spy;
So these grim neighbors each would each defy.

O grievous fate,
Such steady people in so queer a state,
No head could nod, no eye could kindly glance
Good friendly chat was scarce as Dutch in France.

All ties were rent;
The fondest love grew cold and discontent;
The tavern raved like bedlam in despair,
Cold hatred triumphed in th' house of prayer.

Physicians vain;
The epidemic's source could none explain,
Nor how it spread with still augmenting rage,
Till all seemed bears just broken out of cage.

How passing strange!
What could have wrought such melancholy change;
What witch, or wizard, fiend or spirit foul,
Had made each friendly chum a churlish owl.

Revealed at last!
The days of doubt and mystery went past.
The baneful air which o'er the town had hung
Was—slanderous venom from each tattler's tongue!

Miscellaneous.

THE GENERALS PLOT.

AN INCIDENT OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

Many an incident connected with the American Revolution falls blank upon page of history; and for want of proper record, many an heroic act slumbers unremembered in the dim regions of the past. We do not carry our ideas of Divine interference in mundane affairs so far as to suppose that the finger of omnipotence points the path for individuals to travel, unless, perhaps, where they are connected with great events; but we do profess to believe that a high and supernatural power condescends to direct and influence the affairs of nations. We may trace it from the earliest records of Biblical History, down o our own time; and the hand of the deity is as visibly displayed in the destiny of modern nations as in those of antiquity—and more particularly in that period of our own history, when the godlike Washington, sustained and protected by that invincible Power, led our feeble but conquering people thro' the dark valley of opposition to the sunny plains and heights of Liberty. For any one to be convinced of this, it will be only necessary for him to trace this history of our country from the opening of the war to the establishment of peace and the recognition of our independence.

During the occupation of Philadelphia by the British, under General Howe, the head quarters were established at the house General Cadwalader, in Second street, a few doors above Spruce, but for the purpose of private conference, the Adjutant General had taken an apartment in a house opposite, occupied by a Quaker family, by the name of Hanah. This was a back room in the second story. The family consisted of William and Lydia Hannah—the husband and wife—and two or three children. They had one son in the American army.

On the 2d of December, 1777, the Adjutant-general came to Lydia and told her that they should be in the room by 7 o'clock that evening; that he desired she would see that there was a fire, and that he should expect the family would retire early.

This, of course, was readily acceded to, he room gotten ready, the fire made, and everything arranged for the comfort of the occupants; but the evident secresy which seemed to surround all the arrangements, amazingly puzzled the womanly curiosity of Lydia; and she at once conceived a suspicion that something terrible was plotting. These suspicions she communicated to her husband, who only laughed at her apprehensions, and bade her think no more of them. Notwithstanding these objections, however, she determined to keep a watch upon their proceedings.

At this time, Washington, with his army, was lying at White Marsh, on the Wissahikkon creek, about twelve miles from Philadelphia, to which place he had advanced after the abandonment of Forts Mifflin and Mercer, where several unsuccessful attempts were made by Howe to draw him into an engagement. Determining, however, that no effort should be left untried to destroy the army of the American commander, Howe, on the second of December, communicated orders to the Adjutant General for all the troops to march out of the city on the evening of the 4th, and attack Washington by surprise. This manœuvre was intended to be a bold one, and had its success been complete, the results are painful to contemplate.

At the hour appointed, the Adjutant General, accompanied by two other officers, took possession of their room. In a short time afterwaed, Lydia succeeded in getting her family off to bed; but her own curiosity being naturally excited, she framed some excuse to her husband for her absence about the house for a short time, and left him Being now alone, she took off her shoes, and with the utmost caution, crept softly up the stairs to the door of the room in which were the officers, and putting her ear to the key-hole, heard the Adjutant General read the order from Lord Howe, for the night attack upon the camp of Washington. She could scarcely maintain herself, such was her agitation, and her heart beat so loudly the meanwhile that she was compelled for a moment to sustain herself by the casing of the door, lest, in her trepidation, she should fall, and thereby bring ruin upon her family, by an untimely discovery of her position by those within. As it was, she but narrowly escaped detection; for in her confusion and alarm, she had touched the latch of the door, the noise of which had attracted the notice of one of the Adjutant's companions, who called his attention to it.

Then she was obliged to listen to the following conversation, for to move at this juncture would have indeed been critical.

'Hark!' says the officer referred to, 'we are overheard, for I am sure there's some one ot the door.'

'I think not, Colonel,' replied the adjutant, 'it is only the wind, which you know sometimes plays merrily with the door-latches in this miserable country.'

'Some finger, differen from the wind's, tipped the latch of the door,' said the Colonel, 'I would not for a hundred guineas that we had been overheard.'

'Nor I for a thousand,' said the adjutant. 'The family are trustworthy, and can be depended upon, I assure you.'

'Nevertheless—' commenced the Col.

'Nevertheless,' resumed the Adjutant, 'if you are suspicious, I will open the door to convince you; but if there be a listener, woe be unto him.'

These words increased the agitation of Lydia and she had scarcely strength left to screen herself behind a large chest that stood near the door, before it was opened, and the Adjutant and his friend the Colonel, stepped forth to reconnoitre. They examined the hall pretty thoroughly, looked down the stairway, and in every nook except behind the chest; and, satisfied at length that their secret was safe, and that the Colonel's ears must have deceived him, they again retired to their room, and closed the door. The situation of Lydia during these few moments was most painful, and twice or thrice so near had they come to her, that she was about throwing herself upon their mercy, and avowing the whole; but the danger passed; and she retired noiselessly to her own room, to await their departure from the house, before she could determine upon what step she should take in reference to the information she possessed. As she departed from the door, she heard the Adjutant laughing at the Colonel for his suspicions; and the remarks which followed convinced her that those suspicions were allayed.

She had not been by the side of her husband, who was asleep, more than an hour, when she heard the officers descending the stairs—one of them pausing at her door, and knocking. Feigning to be asleep, she did not answer to the first summons, nor to the second, and not until three or four knocks were made, did she arise with tardiness, as though just awakened. This summons was by pre concert, in order that, as they left, she might extinguish the fire and lights in their room, and secure the house after their retreat. Great was her relief, of course, when they had departed; but she was so much agitated by what she had heard, and at the prospect of the destruction of Washington and his camp, that, on her retiring again to bed, she could not sleep, but lay tossing in a restless anxiety til morning.

When she arose to the performance of her next day's duties, she went wandering about the house in the most miserable suspense, and her mind in so abstracted a state as to attract the attention of her husband, who in vain endeavored to ascertain the cause of her unusual depression. Turning his questions with evasive answers; she tried to detract her thoughts from the revelations of the preceeding evening; but to no purpose were her efforts, and as a last resort, she began to think of some method to make available the information she had so clandestinely obtained. At length she determined, if possible, to convey her intelligence to Washington; but then the risk of trusting what she alone knew, to the honesty or judgment of others, made her hesitate, until finally she resolved to be the bearer of her own intelligence, and thus secure, by a well-timed movement, the hopes of the American army. Her next thought was to frame an excuse for leaving the house, as she intended that even her own family should remain ignorant of her movements. At length she hit upon this expedient:

Ascertaining that they were in want of flour, she informed her husband that she would go to Frankford for some. This he tried to persuade her from doing, or offered to go himself in her stead; but finally, when he saw her determination, he insisted that she should be accompanied by her servant maid. This also, to his surprise, she refused, alleging here was no necessity for her to have a companion, and that the route was perfectly safe, and free from danger. Thus seeing her determination to proceed alone, at any rate, he ceased further to expostulate, and she was left to carry out her plans without opposition. Getting every thing ready for her departure, and preparing herself with a bag, to give an appearance of honesty to her purpose, her next object was to procure a pass through the British troops on the lines. Accordingly, she visited General Howe, and stated to him her pretended errand with so much apparent sincerity, that he readily granted her the necessary passport; and at length, seated upon the back of her favorite chestnut pony, she departed from the city with a lighter, but still with a very anxious heart. She passed the mills on her way, where, leaving the bag, she hastened on toward the camp of Washington, encountering, as she approached the lines, a lieutenant of the light-horse, who recognised her, and inquired where she was going. She told him that she was in quest of her son, and desired him to accompany her to the tent of the General.

He at once acceded to her request, and in a few moments she was standing in the presence of Washington, whom she found alone, busily occupied with some dispatches, which he had but a few moments before received, while, spread out udon the ground before him lay maps of different sections of the country. Introducing her to the General, the Leutenant left the tent, to join his companious; while Lydia proceeded to deliver herself of the intelligence which she had so happily gained from the lips of the British Adjutant-general.

The surprise of Washington may well be conceived when he heard all the good woman had to say, though, from the usual calmness of his features, it was oftentimes difficult to trace in the expression of his countenance any emotion either of pain or pleasure. Always careful to be correctly informed himself, and cautious about receiving as truths every rumor that was uttered by busy tongues, or fell upon the public ear, he questioned Mistress Hanah most particular legarding wha she had heard, and why, in the first place she had been tempted to listen: then, and being well satisfied that what he said could be depended upon, he offered to reward her for her faithfulness, which she declined with a delicacy that forbade him to be importunate upon the subject

'At any rate,' said he, with a smile, 'allow me, in the name of the army and of the country to thank you for this excellent service; if a wise Providence ordains that I shall again hold my quarters in your good city, I shall take occasion to thank you more particularly in person at your own residence. In the meantime, I must bid you a good day, for, as our friends, the British, intend paying us a visit, tomorrow, we must neglect nothing to give reception worthy of such distinguished guests.

Bowing Lydia out of his tent, he ordered the Sergeant of the guard to escort her to the out-posts, from whence she hastened back to the mill, and with her small grist of meal repassed the British lines, and returned to the city—gaining her own house without interruption or suspicion.

Now, in the camp of Washington all was bustle. Pickets were placed, the guard was doubled, and strict orders given that no person should be allowed to go into, or from the camp, without an especial passport from the Commander. Cannon were mounted, and troops were paraded and drilled; but to all the officers the sudden change from inactivity to life was a mystery. though some were shrewd enough to surmise that the General, from some cause well founded on his own reason, had determined to attack the British in their quarters in Philadelphia, and by compelling them to evacuate, establish himself in the city for the winter—a position much more desirable than the cold and cheerless situation already contemplated—Valley Forge.—However, all their surmises failed to account for the present condition of affairs; and Washington considered the secret of so much importance, that he deemed it imprudent to reveal it until the last moment.

Well the evening of the 4th came, and out from the guarded and sentineled city marched the British troops. The air was not cold for the season, and the sky was somewhat overcast and misty, affording a fine opportunity for the manœuvring of Gen. Howe's scheme. On they marched, as silently as possible, until they had approached within half a mile of the American pickets, when a halt was commanded, and scouts were sent to reconnoitre.

It was now a moment of intolerable anxiety to the British officers. They had reached the neighborhood of Chestnut Hill, and off a mile distant in the valley below lay in complete silence the American army.

The Adjutant was out a few rods in advance, accompanied only by an aide, and with his night glass sought the lines of the rebel encampment; but the darkness and the mist had grown more impenetrable, and nothing could be discerned to indicate that the enemy were at all suspicious of danger—not even a campfire could be seen, nor the challenge of the sentry heard—the silence was ominous, and so thought the Adjutant, who remarked to his aide:

'In the face of all the precautions which we have taken to secure secresy in this movement, I can scarcely think it probable that Washington is aware of our intentions, and has laid his plans to surprise us; but this unwonted silence is so oppressive—the darkness in the direction of the camp is so impenetrable—that I have my suspicions.'

'You will note, sir,' replied the aide, 'that the damp and foggy state of the atmosphere is not favorable to the transmission of sounds and sights.'

'True, indeed. But one might expect to catch some whisper in the neighborhood of an encamped army, even in such a night—a murmur, even, however; but the silence here is too intense, and must have a meaning in it.'

'True; but perhaps his anxiety for the success of our expedition leads you to give more importance to these appearances than they deserve,'

'Well, perhaps it is so. Let us ride in and then send to me Sergeant Marshall.

The two officers joined again the main body, the aide left the general, and in a few moments the latter was joined by a short muscular man, whose frame indicated the utmost hardihood, and whose face betokened almost ferocious courage.

'Marshall,' said the Adjutant, addressing him briefly, 'I have a hazardous service for you to perform. You must go down into the enemy's encampment, and ascertain his condition. You understand what I expect. Forward, then, and bring me word in the least possible time.'

Away sped the faithful Sergeant, and the Adjutant awaited with impatience, intelligence from his scouts. Not long was he kept in suspense, however, for of two parties who had been sent out, one came in and reported that the American army were already under arms—their artillery in line, and their horse posted, as though waiting for an assault. Scarcely crediting the report, the Adjutant was about giving the order to advance, when from the hitherto silent camp he heard the bugles sounding the assembly, the ominous roll of the drum. and the tramping of feet as regiment after regiment took position.

In a moment after, this was succeeded by the rattling of musketry, and the flash and roar of a dozen cannons. A few of the balls struck in the immediate vicinity of the general and his party, throwing the dirt into the faces of some of his men, but, fortunate for them, doing no injury. The skirmishing below led the English commander to believe that his other scouting party had been intercepted; and for a moment or two he felt an extreme desire to dash forward in the darknese with his entire force, and chastise the insolent rebels. Canvinced, however, that the Americans were prepared to give him a warm and gallant reception, and that any attempt to dislodge them, or attack them in position, prepared as they evidently were for him, would be fool hardy and dangerous in the extreme, and the troops of the haughty British general irritated by disappointment, returned to their quarters in Philadelphia as quietly and harmlessly as they had issued from it only a few hours before, appearing as the Adjutant afterward expressed himself, more like a parcel of fools than a body of men who had marched out to the attack of a foe.' One parry of the scouts which had been sent out, had succeeded, as we have seen in rejoining the main body before it commenced its retreat; but another party of eight had been cut off—three of them having been killed by the musketry of the Americans, and the rest were taken prisoners.

As for Marshall, the spy, who had been sent down to penetrate the camp of Washington, he was taken prisoner in the act of making his escape, and being recognized as a tory of the rankest and deepest dye, as well as a spy, he was the next day tried and hung in the presence of the army.

Thus, in this instance, by the timely suspicion and warning of a woman, was the annihilation of the American army prevented, and Washington saved to see the liberties of his country firmly established. No suspicion of Lydia Hannah's agency in the affair ever entered the mind of the Adjutant; though he told her distinctly that he believed that the American General had been advisad of their movements through the medium of some person connected with the house, though he entirely acquitted her of the act.

On Washington's entering the city o Philadelphia, after its evacuation by the British, he took occasion to call upon Mistress Hannah, when he again thanked her most heartily for the important service she had rendered to the country, saying that he should always remember her with kindness and affection, and promised to look after the interest of her son, who was in the army, and whom he afterwards promoted for his gallant behavior on several occasions.

The birth of a child is the imprisonment of a soul. The soul must work its way out of prison, and, in so doing, provide itself with wings for a future journey. It is for each of us to determine whether our wings shall be those of an angel or a grub.

Poverty is necessarily feeble; but it does not follow that riches afford strength. We may, if we please, make wings of them which will carry us to heaven; but we may also certainly make them oppressive burdens, which would sink the most hopeful soul into the deepest perdition.

Mrs. Harris says, foreigners resemble each other so much that she can't more than half the time tell an arang-outang from a Frenchman. The old lady is getting not only impertinent but personal.

Elder Knapp occasionally gets off a good thing, notwithstanding his bad ones. He was one evening speaking of the prevailing tendencies of some religionists to long prayers, and remarked that we would find no example for these in the Scriptures. The prayers of our Saviour were short and to the point. The prayer of the penitent publican was a happy specimen. When Peter was endeavoring to walk upon the waters to meet his Master, and was about sinking, had his supplication been as long as the introduction to one of our modern prayers, before he had got half way through he would have been fifty feet under water!

"Jim," said one fast man yesterday to another, "it is reported that you left the East on account of your belief." "How," replied Jim, flattered by the remark;—"how's that?" "Why, a police officer told me that you believed everything you saw belonged to you, and as the public didn't, you left."

A young woman from the country, stood apparently absorbed with the beauty of Powers' statues in the exhibition. Our friend was anxiously awaiting her criticism. At length it came; "I vow, I should think they could afford six-penny calico enough to cover-them critters."

A Voucher.--A man once went to purchase a horse of a Quaker.

'Will he draw well?' asked the buver.

'Thee will be pleased to see him draw.'

The bargain was closed, and the farmer tried the horse, but he would not s ir a step. He returned and said.

'That horse will not draw an inch.'

'I did not tell thee that he would draw, friend, I only remarked that it would please thee to see him draw; and so it would me, but he would never gratify me in that respect.'

A clergyman happening to pass a boy weeping bitterly, he halted, and asked, 'What is the matter, my little fellow?'—The boy replied:

'Before, we could hardly get enough to eat, of anything, and now what shall we do? for now there's another one come.'

'Hush thy mourning, and wipe off those tears,' said the clergyman, 'and remember that He never sends mouths without vituals to put into them.'

'I know that,' said the boy, 'but then He sends all the mouths to our house and the vituals to your house,'

A singer who led the psalm tune at a meeting, a short time since, finding that his concluding word Jacob, had not syllables enough to fill up the music adequately, ended thus: 'J-a-a-c-c-c-bol-de-ride-cob.'

The Revolution in Germany.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Twenty-five or thirty years since, a very animated scene was passing at Vienna, in the cabinet of the Emperor; two men were disputing there for pre-eminence in the council, and the political direction of Austria. The one, already old, withered and dried up, affixed in his court dress, impassible and frigid, with a gold snuff box, was obstinately defending the old monarchical ideas, and wished to stifle always and everywhere the germs of liberty sown by the French army on German soil; the other, young, ardent, generous, representing by his courage, his instincts, his affections, his principles, and especially by his manly and open face, and his familiar and independent manner, the new liberal aspirations of Austrian youth essaying to draw the Gothic court into the constitution impulse which was leading all Europe after France. The first was M. Metternich; the second was a member of the imperial family, whom we shall name by-and-by, and who had then the rank of director general of the fortifications. The minister flew into a passion and the prince quitted Vienna immediately.

A few days afterwards on one of the wildest mountains of the Tyrol, a population of hunters were exercising themselves with the crossbow and the carbine. Some Damascene guns, game-bags of scented leather, sheep crowned with leaves, ribbons and boquets, were to be the reward of the most intrepid and skilful marksmen. The old men encouraged the young people by the recital of their former exploits; the women and girls of the country applauded with their husbands, brothers, and especially their lovers.

A stranger advanced into the arena, wearing with grace and nobility the popular costume, and armed with a bow and gun without ornament, but faultless. He fired with a firm hand, a sure eye, and bore away all the prizes—arms, game, bags, boquets and sheep were showered at his conquering feet. He distributed the first to the poorest hunters, the others to the most beautiful and virtuous young girls; after which he was borne in triumph over the mountain, and obliged to tell his name. His name was greeted with acclamations, which were repeated from echo to echo to the extremities of the Tyrol.

This was the German prince, the proscribed rival of Metternich. His popularity become such that the court exiled him still further. The prince took refuge in Upper Syria, where he led for long years the rude and simple life of the mountaineers. Clad in skins and coarse cloth, like the simple peasants, he ate and drank with them, spoke their language, sung their songs, killed the chamels at their head, heard their complaints, solaced their griefs, and distributed gold to them with lavish hand. He taught them to manure their fields, to double their harvests, to cure their flocks, to sell them with profit, to derive advantage from the least plants of their fields and woods.—He instructed them himself in these labors, and became one of the principal farmers and botanists in Europe. His learned discoveries resounded in the academies of Vienna, Berlin, London and Paris, while his infallible shots brought down at two hundred paces the goats in the deepest gorges of the Alps; for above and before all he was a hunter, and slept amid the snow, in his mantle, as he had slept under down and the curtains of a royal bed.

His popularity became even greater in Syria than in the Tyro and reached from mouth to mouth, entire Germany. Fortunately for Metternich and the Emperor, he had renounced politics, for, had he not taken pity on the portfolio of the old diplomatist and respected the throne of his relative, he might have upset both, with a million of peasants ready to march at his voice: It was then that a last adventure finished making this singular man the idol of the Syrian people.

On a warm morning in August, in a post house isolated at the declivity of the mountains, a young girl and an old man were engaged in conversation tranquilly together. The young girl was a young and beautiful child of the Alpine valley, with long brown hair tinged with a ray of gold, large eyes, pure and clear, a countenance glowing with health and freshnecs, form neatly outlined in a black spencer. The old man was the former principal of the establishment Once a skilful and vigorous rider; to day nailed by age and the gout in the room with the stove, he was warming himself in the sun, watching the needle of his grand daughter as it was at work on a postilion's jacket, which she was finishing. Both were alone in the dwelling, with a stable boy busied in taking care of the horses. Husband, wife, brothers and domestics, were laboring at a distance in the fields in cutting the ripe harvests and collecting them into sheaves. Suddenly a *caleche* with a double team arrived and stopped before the door.—'The prince!' exclaimed the old man, who at the first glance had recognised the illustrious exile; 'the prince!' and not a postilion at hand!'

The traveller, in haste, demanded four horses and a skilful guide. The horses were there, but where to find a guide?—The young girl who had blushed at first like a pomegranate, ran, called and disappointed. The royal hunter became impatient, and the old man regretted the illness which paralyzed him. At last a postilion advanced, whip in hand, boots on his feet, spruce and active in his scarlet uniform. 'Here, here, monseigneur!' said he in a silvery voice; and springing with one bound upon the saddle, he drove off at a gallop.

Happy to see the lost time made up so quickly, the prince looked at and admired his postilion. He was struck with the delicacy of his stature, the elegance of his form, the musical tones of his voice, the charming freshness of his countenance. He complimented him, questioned him, saw him blush, and recognised that it was a woman

'Who are you then?' said he, with astonishment mingled with the most lively interest.

'I am the daughter of the *maitre-de post*,' replied the graceful cavalier, troubled at finding her sex betrayed. 'Your highness could not wait, I assumed a postilion's dress, and have done my best.'

'You have done well!' returned the enchanted prince.

And a few minutes conversation proved to him that the young girl was as prudent and courageous, as intelligent and pretty. At the first relay the traveller and the postilion alighted, and the latter was about to have lead away the horses, when the other accosting her with gallantry said:

'My pretty child, I will return with you, but I must take you back, not on the saddle, but in my carriage.'

The young girl blushed more deeply, but this time with noble modesty, and resolutely replied to the prince:—'Each in his place, your highness. It is thus that kings and shepherdesses keep their honor!'

At these words the caprice of the traveler turned to passion.

'Your honor is as dear to me as my own,' said he, 'for both shall make but one, if you please. You have transformed yourself into a man to be of service to me, I will make you my wife to love you.'

Imagine the astonishment of the young girl. Nevertheless she was not disconcerted, for she replied frankly:

'Obtain the consent of the Emperor and that of my father, and you shall have mine.'

An hour afterwards the prince returned with his postilion to the post-house, and solemnly demanded of maitre-de poste his daughter's hand. Consent was not withheld on this side. On the part of the emperor, it was another thing. It was at first thought at Vienna that the august hunter had become insane, but he succeeded in proving his sanity, and for fear he should prove his power, the emperor of Austria consented to the union of his race with that of a Styrian peasant. And the marriage was celebrated to the great scandal of the court, and the immense joy of the mountaineers.

From this day, the prince was a god for the people, and the sport of his own family. An illustrious painter and engraver having represented him in his humble dress of a Styrian hunter—which he persisted in wearing more than ever—the sale of these portraits was interdicted under rigorous penalties, which did not prevent every good mountaineer from keeping the precious picture in his cabin, between his cross bow and his gun. In the theatres, in Vienna, and even in the public squares, the cap and jacket of the prince were the derision of the courtiers.

That lasted until a few years since, when the French Revolution of February resounded in Germany. The old empire tottered on its base, Metternich fell and fled, the emperor left Vienna—a complete dismemberment threatened Germany. A Federal Diet, assembled at Frankfort, created a vicar-general of the empire to whom it confided the supreme central power; and it chose the most popular prince in Germany—the proscribed of Metternich and the emperor, the mountain hunter of Tyrol and of Styria, the husband of the post-master's daughter; in a word, the Archduke John, whom it is time to call by his name, and of whom our family tale is but the true and authentic history. He was received in triumph at Frankfort, with the daughter of the mountains, of whom he has almost made an empress.

In the N. Y Independent we find the following from a mother:—

'But did I tell you what a time I had with my little Joe?'

'No; what was it?'

'Why, I was showing him the picture of the martyrs thrown to the lions, and was talking very solemnly to him, trying to make him feel what a terrible thing it was. "Ma," said he, all at once, "oh, ma! just look at that poor little lion, way behind there, he won't get any!"